

CRAWFORD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.	
Sheriff.....	D. London.
Clerk & Register.....	W. R. Steckert.
Treasurer.....	G. M. F. Davis.
Procurer Attorney.....	J. O. Hadley.
Judge of Probate.....	A. Taylor.
C. C. Commissioner.....	
Surveyor.....	N. E. Britt.
Chancellors.....	W. H. Shremann, S. Revell.
Supervisors.....	O. J. Ball.
Grove Township.....	
South Branch.....	Ira H. Richardson.
Beever Creek.....	W. Batterson.
Maple Forest.....	Duane Willett.
Grayling.....	R. S. Babbitt.
Perryville.....	John F. Hunt.
Center Plains.....	Chas. Jackson.
	John P. Hilditch.

N. R. GILBERT, M. D.

Physician, Surgeon, Etc.
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.

OTSEGO LAKE, MICH.

W. A. MASTERS—NOTARY PUBLIC—CONCERNING
Mortgagors—Will attend to making Deeds
Contracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with
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Portland, Maine.\$72 a week in your own town. Terms and
\$5 outfit free. Address Tuck & Co.,
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NOTARY PUBLIC AND DEPUTY
CLERK AND REGISTER,
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.A. H. SWARTHOUT,
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC.Business in adjoining Counties solicited.
Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Act.
GRAYLING, MICH.N. E. Britt,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.Surveying in all of its branches, including leveling, promptly attended to,
GRAYLING, MICH.HAVE YOUR
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DONE AT THE
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LANSING, MICHIGAN.COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
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Corner of Mill and Center street
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This house is first-class in every particular.Bay City House,
JOSEPH N. SEGUIN, Proprietor
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BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.WE Want 1000 AGENTS
to sell our Novelties, and make from
\$100 to \$200 a month. Circulars &c.
free. Address
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.Ionian Jewel Sets.
Every lover of the beautiful should
have a set of this beautiful Jewelry.
Single set 25 cents, 4 sets, all different
sets. Agents wanted to sell these
goods. Address U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa. See other add's.UNPARALLELED OFFER!
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With full line of attachments to do all
kinds of work.GIVEN AWAY,
Free of Charge.Having made arrangements with a well known
company for a large number of their machines,
WE ARE PLEASED to offer a number of
TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOKS
selected from our catalogue, consisting of
HANDSONELY BOUND and PRETTY
LUTREDGE BOOKS.Send for Catalogue and descriptive Circular to
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COMPANY.729 Filbert Street,
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Agents Wanted to Assist in Distribution.

\$6 a week in your own town. \$5 outfit free.
S. O. NO. 1. Reader, if you want a business
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pay all the time they work, write for particulars to
H. H. HALETT & CO., Portland, Maine.First Class Family
Sewing Machine,Richly ornamented IRON STAND, with SOLID
TOP and TOP DRAWER containing
all the articles necessary to any depot in this city. FREE FOR
CHARGE.This is a bona fide offer, made for the purpose
of introducing our publications throughout the
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Victoria JEWEL CASKET

Agents can make \$10 a day selling this
Casket. It contains two Bracelets, a
beautiful Shawl Pin, Finger Ring, Ear
Rings, Brooch and one large Gold
Plated Ladies Neck Chain. Sample
Casket 50 cents. Agents wanted. Adres
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.AN
Extraordinary Offer.\$10 Gold Mounted Revolver
Sent for Only \$2.25.Address, U. S. Manufacturing Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Crawford Avalanche

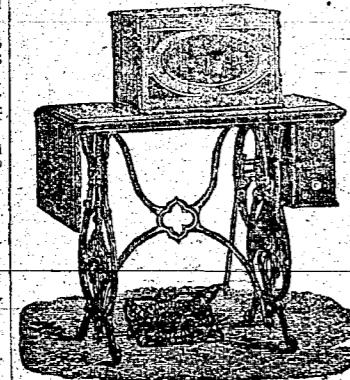
SALLING, HANSON & CO.,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. III. GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1882. NO. 37.

LOOK HERE!

IF YOU WANT
SOLID MERIT,
And at the same time get fully the worth of your
money, ask any dealer for theI-M-P-R-O-V-E-D
SILETHREADING

Dauntless

The only Sewing Machine made which has
SHUTTLE RACE AND NEEDLE ENTIRELY
SELF-THREADING. THE DAUNTLESS also
makes the best dressed ladies' dresses, and
inexpensive, separate bobbin-winder, largest arm
space, and wide feed, simplest mechanism, most
sturdy furniture, andHandsome Plating and Ornamen-
tation in the Market.

IT SEWS ANYTHING!

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Factory Prices.

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Norwalk, Ohio, U. S. A.

For Sale by

Dr. N. H. Traver, Grayling, Mich.

G. H. Smith, Gaylord, Mich.

FABER FANCIES.

Snow six inches or more.

Indications are that a large num-
ber of dwellings will be erected in this
village next year.School Books at bottom prices at
the Post Office, as also all kinds of Le-
gal Blanks.Coroner Sherman, of Maple Forest,
was in town this week selling the
effects of Marcus Barber, deceased.Remember that "spot cash" buys
goods at a much cheaper rate than the
credit system ever could, at Salling,
Hanson & Co.'s.Sewing machine oil at the post
office, as also needles and attachments
for all kinds of machines.W. A. Masters offers a fine two-draw-
er New Home Sewing Machine with \$5
worth of extra attachments, for \$27.A new post office bearing the sig-
nificant name of Wellington, has been
established in Beaver Creek township,
this county, with W. Hastings as post-
master.The Board of Supervisors are in
session this week, and in our next is
sure will probably have something to
say about their meeting.R. P. Forbes of this village, was
elected County Superintendent of the
Poor by the Board of Supervisors on
Monday last, in the place of J. M.
Jones, resigned.Business about our village is rather
quiet, but yet has an improved look,
indicating that in the near future the
volume will be increased into a much
livelier flow, and by the time spring
opens will, in all probability, have
reached a state of greater activity than
has ever been known before in its brief
history.—In lieu of other amusements,
"pool" is the favorite pastime, and
the way some of the boys "pocket their
cues" is a caution.—An employee in Leonard's lower
camp, whose name we did not learn,
was accidentally killed some two weeks
since by being crushed between a wag-
on-wheel and a tree.—The recent fall of snow brought
into requisition all the old shovels and
spades about the neighborhood—and
thus was the feathered element removed
from the track by ye sturdy section
men.—The firm of Salling, Hanson & Co.
take this method to thank their many
patrons and customers for their liberal
patronage in the past, and hope to
merit a continuance of the same by
strict and honorable dealing, one price
to all, and "spot-cash" trade.—Samuel S. Ward, a prominent and
wealthy citizen of Port Huron, com-
mitted suicide at Detroit on the after-
noon of the 7th inst., by taking strychnine.
He had been acting very strangely
for two or three weeks and had been
watched by friends, but eluded their
vigilance on that day. He was a brother
of David Ward, the well known

Gone! Our Loved One.

Is Fostereller, Jan. 6, of Slinger, Fevor, had
A. infant son of Thomas and Ellen Heigh, aged
6 months.

Drest Field, thou hast left us,

And thy loss we deeply feel.

But "is God not with us?"

He can all our sorrows heal.

Yes, our home will lonely be,

And a vacant spot we see;

But we hope to meet you there—

In that brighter home so fair.

A. Friend.

—J. M. Jones, well known to our

village folk as being the head surveyor

the mill in this place for a number of
years past, has been sent up to Freder-
eville by the company to act in a like
capacity at the mill at that place.—A young man by the name of
Johnny Link, employed in the camp
of A. W. Shaw, a few miles north of
this place, had a leg badly crushed by
a log rolling on it last Monday, and
was brought to this station and sent to
his home at Kawaukin.Under the plea of cleansing out
some of the slum-holes which infest
our precincts, the village of Rosemon-
ton has been incorporated by a vote
of 4 to 1 by the Board of Supervisors
of that county.—A RARE CHANCE FOR SCHOOL
BOOKS.—In order to close out Stock,
Dr. Traver is selling School Books at
cost. He is also selling the Best Sew-
ing Machine for the least money in the
State. All in need should call on him
and take advantage of the offer. 374.—NOTICE.—The undersigned Treas-
urer of Maple Forest, will be at his
residence in said township on Friday
of each week, until further notice, for
the purpose of receiving Taxes.

JEREMIAH SHERMAN.

—Competition having produced a
tumble in the price of School books of
from 20 to 50 cent, all those in
want of anything in that line will find
it to their advantage to call at the Post
Office and get prices.—We do not claim that all the first-
class sewing machines are only those
sold by Wm. A. Masters, but we do
think that the candid, unprejudiced
observer will find more points of ex-
cellence in the White than in any other
machine in the market.—Pack, Woods & Co., who are lum-
bering about 12 miles east of Freder-
eville, in the vicinity of K. P. Lake,
have got to handling logs on sleighs in
earnest now, and take from 5,000 to
6,000 feet at a load.—And now comes Justice Kilbourne
into our sanctum with a specimen of
"hen fruit," the product of a modest
Buff Cochin chicken but nine months
old, which kicked the beam of 34 pounds
and measured 6x81 inches. When
you beat this, you may crow.—The DOMESTIC TYRANT.—"The
average man" quoit Mrs. Partington,
"is a weak and irritable domestic ty-
rant," and Mrs. P. is correct. Tyrant
ical to a fault—the average man will
enter the blissful Paradise of a happy
home, scratch himself in fondish glee,
send the baby into convulsions, and, for what? Why, because he has the
itching Piles, and is too mean to buy
Swayne's Ointment, which is an infal-
lible cure for the worst cases of that
annoying complaint.—A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT
should be stopped. Neglect frequently
results in an incurable Lung Disease or
Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Tro-
ches are certain to give relief in Asthma,
Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Con-
sumptive and Throat Diseases. For 30
years the Troches have been recom-
mended by physicians, and always given
in perfect satisfaction. They are not
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The Avalanche

SALLING, HANSON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

HAPPINESS,

"What dost thou say to Happiness?
I saw her at thy gate."
"This I said to Happiness,
Thou comest all too late;
Nay! I cannot let thee in,
Where these graves are growing green.
'Ist neath, that thyself shall say,
That where my dead repose
Should hold thy revels gay,
Then shouldst wear the rose?"

"Turned she round a little space,
Smiled soft, said,
'I could ever find a place,
There above thy head,
To plant flowers, myrtle and rose,
Making fair their last repose."

"So she entered gained at last;
How could I see her face fail?

She quitted me, my heart fell fast,

But then her way:
And the rare, upspringing flowers
Wreathed to glorious summer bower.

"She has won my grief from me,
Wherefore, then, complain?
Made my place of graves to be
Bright with hope again,

And, obeying each behest,
Joyfully I serve my guest."

HOW TWO LEARNED A LESS- SON.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little, shapely hand a brand-new \$10 bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker." "Now, what is it?"

Betty had just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head and with a small jerk noway conciliating, sent out the words:

"You needn't insinuate, John, that I'm always troublesome!"

"I didn't insinuate—she's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and, bucking away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's you yourself that's forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to sit on me—it's really abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all," cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can't of course!"

" Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John in great excitement, drawing near to the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything!"

"And if you be more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again.

And here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life!

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes—only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!"

His face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth withdrawn that it would have gone to anyone's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it, or help it," said Betty, lightly. To conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure!" and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture.

That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "child." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny looks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying—

"There is no help for it now, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!"

"What do you mean?"

Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around!"

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly a long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all!

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And, now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning round a hat, still holding Betty, "why—you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace but a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the \$10 bill away.

angely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it—oh, what have I said? Oh, John, John!"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants; Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup, and she presently returned still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel. Then she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly.

"I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out, now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after tomorrow is your birthday!"

"So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious! has it come round so soon?"

"And, you dear boy," said Betty, shaking out before his eyes a pretty brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown—"this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for 'oh, I didn't want you to know!'"

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes:

"But I don't see, Betty, what this thing" laying one finger on the gown "had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh, that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment she could not finish. "Oh, John, I was worrying so over those buttons! They weren't good, but they were the best I could do, then. And I'd only bought 'em yesterday. Two whole dozen. And when you put that \$10 bill in my hand I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't wanted buying them till to day."

John caught up the little woman dressing-gown and all! I don't think they have ever quarreled since—at least I have never heard of it.

"If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said, "Betty!" and heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited.

Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelve-month previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-cleaning, dressmaking and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of newsgatherer, at one and the same time, pretty effectively.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk!

But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying!" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but I a I wouldn't mind—I know 'twist your fault!"

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this! John and she not to live happy?

To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten round so soon—a story in everybody's mouth?

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth, So Miss Simmons, falling in, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin', so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!"

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty vaguely, and standing quite still.

"What? I don't understand."

Her face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth withdrawn that it would have gone to anyone's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it, or help it," said Betty, lightly. To conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure!" and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture.

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QUITEAU.

MARCH FIFTH DAY.

As the assassin was led into court by the bailiffs, he paused a moment at the table where his counsel sat and whispered to Scoville: "It will only keep quiet today I will laugh this case out of court." As soon as he reached the dock he shouted out: "Some leading papers in America consider me the greatest fellow they have met in months. At 8 o'clock this morning I was reading in the Tribune, 'The trial of the assassin of Mr. Charles G. Guiteau, Washington, D. C., has been adjourned to force an acknowledgment of insanity on the part of the patient,' were the exact words of determining sanity or insanity."

Guiteau added: "How about Corinthian money? Guess that is the influence that brought you here. This fellow Corkhill has got a judgment in the treasury that will run out \$10,000 before he gets through with this case, and he is a very poor man, and I am afraid he will be compelled to pay it off."

Scoville responded to force an acknowledgment of insanity on the part of the patient, that the assassin was guilty.

(Signed) "A Host of Assassins."

Pausing a moment, he branched off into a rambling harangue, quoting scripture and camping himself to the "meek and lowly" in the "temple of God." He was a man of extreme severity, "I have been accused of using too harsh language," he added, "but take my part from the Savior of mankind, I shall submit my name to the next National Republican Convention, and then I will be a better man than I am now."

There are only two men in the country who can be said to want me hung, and the other is Corinthian who expects to get \$5,000 from the Government if I am convicted, and the other is Corinthian who expects to get \$10,000 if I am not convicted, and he is a very poor man, and I am afraid he will be compelled to pay it off."

He was asked if he had ever seen any ease of forged insanity that resembled that of the prisoner (assuming that he is faking) and replied: "I have not seen any such insanity, real or imaginary, in the country."

Witnesses did not believe in temporary insanity in the sense that persons could be insane and wholly recover from it in an hour.

Upon the witness being asked if he believed in forged insanity, he replied: "I have not seen any such insanity, real or imaginary, in the country."

Scoville responded to force an acknowledgment of insanity on the part of the patient, that the assassin was guilty.

The court adjourned till Tuesday.

MARCH SIXTY-SEVEN DAY.

Guiteau opened court by announcing that he had many New Year callers, none of whom wanted him hanged, and all of whom believed he would be acquitted.

Dr. Gray took the stand, and Scoville resumed the cross-examination. Witness had not given his opinion on the direct examination, that the prisoner was sane, taken into account the evidence of the medical men.

Davidson: "Can you give me an idea how much time you will want upon surreptitious examination?"

Scoville: "Several days; probably all of next week."

Scoville: "We must object, your Honor, to a repetition of this case."

Scoville insisted that he did not desire to delay the trial or consume the time of the court, but the prosecution had consumed with them the entire witness, moving with them to the courtroom since the beginning of the trial, and the court had not been able to get out of the case.

Scoville responded to force an acknowledgment of insanity on the part of the patient, that the assassin was guilty.

Scoville: "We have some witnesses who have been present since we closed our case, and I shall ask the court to permit us to have a few more days and to introduce on the part of the Government."

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